

A Man In Wolf's Clothing

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

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Leaving Gibraltar, I crossed the strait and landed in Tangier. The transition from an English army post to an Arab town is about as marked as any that can be made. At Tangier one finds about him the swarthy native, wearing the baracca, a long white cotton garment—probably the toga of the Romans, who once conquered his country, banded down to the present day—and of a different religion from what he has left on the other side of the strait. If his system of superstition can be called religion.

At Tangier I outfitted for a trip to the great desert of Sahara, aiming to penetrate as far south as Tuat, thence northward to Tripoli. I had several camels and a dozen men as servants and guards.

There is no lonelier place on the face of the earth than the desert, though I will admit that on a starlight night there is a solemn grandeur about it. When we were not moving at night instead of the day I established a guard about my camp just as if we were an army marching through an enemy's country, and, strange to say, this vigilance was simply exercised against thieves and robbers. The ingenuity of these lying rascals is remarkable. They are natural spies. They would come into our camp in the most friendly way for the purpose of theft, if they could get their hands on anything, and, if not, to gather information as to how they could rob us at another time.

One day a band of Tuaregs, as they are called, came into camp for the purpose, I felt sure, of observation. They numbered about as many as we, but as my force was under the command of a European and well armed they would not think of attacking us. That same night my sentinel—I put one man on guard—was shot dead. I heard the distant crack of a rifle and, calling several of my men, hurried them out in different directions after the murderer. I went myself, but saw nothing, only the great sandy billows. One of my men reported seeing a wolf running away, but no human being was found.

The next day we buried the murdered man and proceeded on our way. That night while every one except the man on guard was asleep there was another crack, and a sentry was killed. Again I deployed my men, proceeding farther than before, but not even a wild animal was found. There was ample opportunity for any one to hide among the sand billows, and by covering himself with his baracca he was not likely to be seen. At any rate, we were obliged to give up the search.

I surmised that the party of Tuaregs who had visited our camp were hovering near us, intending to pick off a man every night till our number should be so reduced as to render us an easy prey. Then our camels, our tents, our supplies, our arms and ammunition would fall into their hands. The outfit would be a fortune to them. I concluded that I must stop their game at all hazards.

The next night I planted a tent pole in the ground, fixed a crosspiece to it, and, tying some esparto grass about the two, I made the body of a manikin. This I covered with a baracca and put a fox on the head. Thus I had a dummy sentinel who might be shot to pieces without being hurt. I had taken care to fix our camp on the edge of an oasis, where I could eliminate the approach in one direction, and noted a convenient place of concealment—a hole in the ground—a few hundred yards from the camp. Soon after dark, taking a rifle, I went out to my hole. The moon gave sufficient light for me to see any one approach the camp.

I had a long wait, for it was near dawn before I saw any living thing, and then nothing more than a wolf prowling around in search of something to eat. But, having nothing else to watch, I watched the wolf. He would stop here and there and dig up the sand, then go on, with his nose to the ground, to another spot and dig again. All the while he was nearing the camp. Presently he stopped and after turning in a circle lay down. He was lost to view, but I kept my eyes fixed on the spot where I had last seen him.

Suddenly at a point still nearer the camp I saw a flash, heard a crack, and the wolf, raising himself on his hind legs, ran away like a deer.

I had a good view of the creature's silhouette against a line of dawn, and I am a good shot on the wing. Raising my rifle, I achieved an excellent aim and fired. The wolf pitched forward and lay still.

I had instructed my foreman, Hamet, that if he heard a shot to wake the men and if he heard a second one to bring them out. In a few minutes they came running toward me. I called to them and joined them. Then we went to the body of the wolf I had slain. We found him to be one of the Tuaregs who had come into our camp a few days before, a villainous-looking rascal, who seemed to be a sort of sneak among them.

We secured the country for awhile, but found no one else. Trust an Arab for finding a place of concealment.

I took similar precautions the next night and for several nights, but we were not troubled again in the same way. Doubtless the robbers, knowing that we had got on to their game, gave it up.

The American Born Princess.
My father Prince Napoleon Lucien Charles, was in exile in the United States, and so it happened that I was born in America on the borders of the Delaware. I came into the world with the last sigh of the old year—that is to say, at midnight on the 31st of December, 1833. I have said that my father was in exile. When he was eleven years old his mother left Naples with her four children—two boys and two girls—and retired to the Chateau de Frohsdorf, taking the title of Comtesse de Lipona—Napoli transposed. There my father lived till he was joined by his uncle, the Emperor Napoleon's eldest brother, King Joseph of Spain, who on the fall of the first empire had retired to the United States and taken a lovely place near Bordentown, N. J., where he lived for eleven years as Count de Surville. It was at Bordentown that I entered this sorry world, my father having in 1831 married a Miss Carolina Georgina Fraser of Scotch origin, descending from the old family of Lovat.—Princess Caroline Murat's "Memoirs."

A Shock to Vanity.
"My wife gave me a birthday present that has a tendency to take the conceit out of any man who thinks he's good looking," said the man who shaves himself. "I confess that I have all along had a sort of sneaking idea that I had a little more than my share of manly beauty; that when it came to a showdown I was there with the goods. But not any more. I'm cured. And my wife's present did it. What was it? Why, simply one of those shaving glasses that magnify three times. The first time I used it I got a view of my face that rather startled me. Every blemish, every wild hair under the skin, every open pore, all the minute ugliness that isn't apparent to the naked eye—these things confronted me in all their magnified repulsiveness. I used the glass just once and then accidentally dropped it down the air shaft to the basement below. I don't want to look like a monstrosity every time I shave myself."—New York Times.

The Addition.
"What makes you act so grouchy this morning, Dobkins?"
"Had an addition to my family."
"What? Why, you ought to be ashamed to be gloomy over that! To think that a normal human being should be angry because of the advent of such a cherub! Do you actually grudge a place in your happy home to an innocent creature fresh from heaven, bringing with it the very fragrance of those celestial realms? Do you greet with an unwelcome chill a small epitome of all purity and sweetness given into your keeping as a priceless though undeserved treasure by a too benevolent Providence? A lovely copy of what fancy fawns the angels to be like—a tiny shred of grace and glory snatched from the—"
"Say, that's very pretty, but do you know you're talking about my mother-in-law?"—New York Journal.

A Cow For a Life.
The Ober Gabelhorn is a peak notorious for the dangerous cornices which decorate its upper ridges. Of many accidents reported in connection with it perhaps the most remarkable, says G. D. Abraham in "Swiss Mountain Climbs," was the adventure which befell an amateur and his young guide. In passing along the dangerous dual cornice it suddenly gave way under the amateur, and he went flying through space to apparent destruction. The guide at the other end of the rope seemed in hopeless plight, but with astounding presence of mind he swung himself down the opposite side of the ridge, thus saving two lives. The rope cut deep into the snow above, but held firm. The young guide's name was Ulrich Almer. His reward was a cow.

A Horticultural Puzzle.
"It's no use," sighs the nature wizard. "I may as well give up."
"What is bothering you?" we ask sympathetically.
"I got started a few years ago on a whim of mine. I took a head of cabbage and crossed it with a white potato and grew eyes on it; then I crossed that with a cornstalk and grew ears on it; then I crossed that with a squash and grew a neck on it; then I crossed that with a coconut and grew hair on it, but hanged if I can figure out what to do for a nose and mouth!"—St. Louis Republic.

Already Outside.
"In the days of the ancient drama," said the pedantic person, "performances were given in the open air."
"What a discouragement that must have been," replied Miss Cayenne, "to the man who insists on going out of the theater to get a breath of fresh air."—Washington Star.

Poultry Pointer.
"I think," remarked the brindle faced old hen, "that I'll go into business."
"What kind of business?" asked the innocent young rooster.
"Well," clucked the old hen, "I may set up an egg plant."—Chicago News.

Hard to Find.
Two things in life that are hardest to find are a needle in a haystack and a self made man who is dissatisfied with his job.—Philadelphia Record.

Poor Indeed.
Hewitt—Broke again? Jewett—I should say so. I couldn't open an account with a postal savings bank New York Press.

The best of prophets for the future is the past. Byron.

A WEDDING FRACAS

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Many years ago I took passage aboard the steamer Indian Belle from Cairo to New Orleans. We were about to swing off when a man of the real old fashioned ante bellum planter type came hurrying over the plank and up into the forward saloon, where I happened to be standing at the time. Reaching the top of the companion way, his eyes caught the name of the boat, which was painted on a panel, and he stood with mouth and eyes wide open.

"Upon my honor!" he exclaimed. "Just then a negro waiter passed, carrying some glasses on a tray. 'And if there isn't Joe too! Why, Joe, you rascally nigger; you don't mean to tell me you're alive an' on this boat!' Joe studied the newcomer awhile, then said, 'I disremember you, counsel.' 'Why, Joe, it was right there'—pointing—"that I stood to be married in a hurry just as this boat was cutting loose from Memphis on June 20, 1880. And Joe, you waited on me an' my bride at the wedding suppe'."

"Fo' Gawd! Air you de gentleman what wor married dat day? I wouldn't 'a' knowed you!"

By this time several passengers had gathered around, all intent upon the passenger who had evidently stumbled on a boat on which he had enacted a romance.

"Colonel," I ventured, "would you mind telling us about it?"
"I shall be ve'y happy to do so, sah," was the reply. "There was a fracas connected with the event, gentlemen. I'll give you the story, and I think underneath the paint and putty I can find the bullet holes after wards."

"I was living at Memphis at the time, and if I do say it myself I was the biggest fool in the town. A young lady—the daughter of Major Whitman, one of the most high toned gentlemen in the south and a ve'y influential citizen—was s'illy enough to retu'n an affection I conceived fo' her. I neve'r could understand why she did so unless it was on account of her youth, fo' she was at the time not quite seventeen. There's no wonder' her father objected to my attentions, fo' I did nothing but drink mint juleps and play the American game with young bloods of my own age."

"Major Whitman met me one day, and, says he: 'William, if I catch you coming round my daughter's any mo' I'll squeeze a few chunks o' lead into yo' vitals. If you don't want em, yo'd better keep away.'"
"Major," I replied, "if you do yo'll get rid of one who is entirely unworthy of so beautiful, accomplished and virtuous a lady as yo' angelic daughter. Good morning, sah."

"At that age, gentlemen, if a man is a nat'ral bo'n fool he has the sense not to drag a lady he loves down with him. Besides, there's not much to expect from a young woman ba'ly seventeen. But I assure you it was she who proposed an elopement. Thank heaven, I have not that sin on my conscience. One afternoon when we were sitting on the river bank we saw a steamer coming down, and when she came opposite us we noticed that her name was Indian Belle—this ve'y boat, gentlemen."

"What did we two little fools do but make up our minds to run away on her. I give you my word, gentlemen, I hadn't four bits in my pocket, and the young lady had but three leys. Well, sah, while the boat was rounding to head up stream to make a landing we were going down to get aboard. 'It so happened that a friend of Major Whitman saw us go ove' the plank. What did the mis'able sneak do but go off to find the major to tell him that his daughter was going aboard the Indian Belle with a man whose principal occupation was drinking juleps, sah. But it was not till the boat was leaving that the major was found. I was standing on the gu'd with my sweethe' when I saw my prospective father-in-law coming on the run and getting out his gun as he ran. Miss Whitman screamed, and a gentleman standing beside us took in the situation."

"There's no time to lose," he said. "yo' must be ma'led or pretend to be if yo' wish to beat the old man." "He led us inside, put a white handkerchief around his neck, stood us up there—pointing—"and made believe he was going through the service. His pronouncing us man and wife was greeted with a bullet that sung just ove' my head and bu'led itself in the wood. Nat'ually I returned the compliment, directing my weapon at the major, whose head was just above the companion way, fo'tunately missing him."

"Well, sah, those standing about in the fore'd, the supposed bride ran and threw her arms about her father and brought him round. We soon found a clergyman aboard and we're really ma'led. Befe' the end of an hou', sitting round a table in the ladies' cabin at suppe', the major with a julep befo' him, had one arm around my neck and th' other round that of his daughter, and that rascal Joe thar was waiting on us."

The gentleman then proceeded to search for the bullet holes and found them.

"Does any one here know who the gentleman is?" I asked of a bystander. "Know who he is? Well, I reckon That's General B., one of the big southe'n commands in the late shooting match between the no'th and the south."

Political Announcements

FOR TREASURER.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the republican nomination for county treasurer, subject to the decision of the voters at the primary election August 15th, 1911. I will appreciate the support of republicans.
C. H. WALTERS.

I respectfully announce that I am a candidate for the republican nomination for county treasurer, subject to the decision of the voters at the primary election August 15th. Support given me will be appreciated.
ALBERT N. DURBIN.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the republican nomination for county treasurer, subject to the decision of the voters at the primary election August 15th. I will appreciate the support of republicans on that day.
FRANK MURRAY.

Fellow citizens of Lincoln county: I hereby announce myself a candidate for county treasurer and respectfully solicit your support at the polls. If elected I will endeavor to do my duty in such a way as to meet the approval of the people.
WALTER B. MCNEEL.

FOR CLERK.
I hereby announce my candidacy for the nomination for county clerk subject to the decision of the republican party at the primary.
WM. OTTEN.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for county clerk subject to the decision of the republican voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, August 15th, 1911, and respectfully solicit your support.
C. WILLIAM YOST.

FOR SHERIFF.
I announce myself as a candidate for sheriff, subject to the decision of the voters at the primary election to be held August 15th, 1911, and respectfully solicit the support of the republicans at that election.
A. J. SALISBURY.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the republican nomination for sheriff, subject to the decision of the voters at the primary election on August 15th and respectfully solicit your support.
I. L. MILTONBEGER.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the democratic nomination for sheriff, subject to the decision of the voters at the primary election on August 15th and respectfully solicit your support.
C. C. MCGEE.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for sheriff on the democratic ticket subject to the decision of the voters at the primary election on August 15, 1911.
EDD P. REBHAUSEN.

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of county superintendent subject to the decision of the democratic primary.
CLIO R. CHAPPELL, Brady, Nebr.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the republican nomination for county superintendent, subject to the decision of the voters at the primary election August 15th. Your support is respectfully solicited.
WM. EBRIGHT.

CLERK DISTRICT COURT.
I announce myself a candidate for re-nomination for clerk of district court subject to the will of the republican voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, August 15th, 1911, and I assure you your support will be greatly appreciated.
GEO. E. PROSSER.

COUNTY JUDGE.
I, John Grant, hereby announce myself a candidate for the Democratic nomination for County Judge, subject to the decision of the voters at the primary election August 15, 1911, and most respectfully solicit your support.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the republican nomination for county judge, subject to the decision of the voters at the primary election on August 15th, and respectfully solicit your support.
M. E. CROSBY.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the republican nomination for county judge, subject to the decision of the voters at the primary election August 15th.
E. W. CRANE.

FOR COMMISSIONER.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the republican nomination for county commissioner from the Third district, subject to the decision of voters at the primary election. Your support solicited.
J. W. ABBOTT, Hershey, Nebr.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the republican nomination for county commissioner from the Third district, subject to the decision of the voters at the primary election in August, and respectfully solicit your support. I am a resident of Nowell precinct, and my postoffice address is Hershey.
H. J. RUNNER.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the democratic nomination for county commissioner in district No. 3, subject to the result of the primary election.
HENRY H. FULK.

Jog-along Transfer Co.
C. H. SAWYER, MGR.
Hack and Heavy Draying of all Kinds. Piano moving a specialty. Up-to-date 1911 piano truck. Office hours 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. Office with Postal Telegraph. Office phone 201. Residence 651.

Go to SORENSON'S
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Also Wood Turning, Picture Framing Room Moulding, and Window Screens a Specialty.
Shop 107 East Fifth

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ICE.
AT
50c per 100 lbs.
Phone 95
H. LAMPLUGH.

Bids for School House.
The school board of District No. 8 will receive bids for the construction of a one-story two-room pressed brick school house on the present site of the Platte Valley school building eight miles west and north of North Platte. Bids will be received by J. C. Wilson, treasurer, North Platte, Neb., up to noon of the 8th day of July. Specifications for building can be seen at office of the County Supt. Ebright.

A certified check, payable to J. C. Wilson, Treasurer, must accompany each bid, which will be returned when bid is accepted or rejected. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

SCHOOL BOARD DIST. No. 8.
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Serial No. 02354.
Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., May 18, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that Grant McNeel, of North Platte, Nebraska, who on October 13th, 1905, made Homestead entry No. 21508, Serial No. 02360, for all of Section 2, Twp. 15, N., R. 32, W. of the 6th Prin. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on the 15th day of July, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: Darwin E. Taylor, David W. Macomber, James Lechan and Arthur Toops, all of North Platte, Nebraska.
J. E. EVANS, Register.

Notice for Publication.
Serial No. 02312-02353.
Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., June 12th, 1911.
Notice is hereby given that Thomas Belcher, of Myrtle, Neb., who on August 1, 1901, made Homestead Entry No. 20483, Serial No. 02212, for SW 1/4, and on February 14th, 1905, made Homestead Entry No. 20548, Serial No. 02265, for W 1/4, of SE 1/4, Section 8, Township 15, North, Range 29, West, of the 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on the 15th day of Aug. 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: Daniel J. Crowley, Jacob Weber of North Platte, Neb., James Nain, and Francis L. Keeler, Nesbit, Neb.
J. E. EVANS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Serial No. 02463.
Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., June 9th 1911.
Notice is hereby given that Adolph Beyers, son and one of the heirs of George Beyers, deceased claimant, whose wife is also dead, of North Platte, Nebraska, who on Jan. 1st, 1905, made H. E. No. 21642, Serial No. 02218, for all of Section 10, Township 15, N., Range 32, W. of the 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on the 25th day of July 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: Daniel J. Crowley, James Lechan, Walter E. McNeel, William W. Groves all of North Platte, Neb.
J. E. EVANS, Register.

Estimate of Expense for the Fiscal Year 1911.
I, Chas. F. Temple, City Clerk in and for the City of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, hereby certify that the following estimate of expenses was made by the Mayor and City Council of the City of North Platte, Nebraska, for the Fiscal Year 1911, the 6th day of June, 1911.

Salaries of City Officials.....\$2,500.00
Fire Department.....3,000.00
Police Department.....2,100.00
Streets and Culverts.....3,500.00
Sidewalks, crossings and approaches.....1,500.00
General and Incidental Expenses.....4,000.00
Fire Protection.....3,500.00
Street Lighting.....3,000.00
Bond & Interest Sewer.....1,700.00
Sewer Maintenance.....1,000.00
Water Bond Interest.....5,000.00
City Library.....1,500.00
City Hall Bond & Interest.....1,000.00

Total.....\$33,300.00
The entire revenue for the past fiscal year was \$22,190.00. CHAS. F. TEMPLE, City Clerk.

HUMPHREYS'
Specific cure by acting directly on the sick parts without disturbing the rest of the system.
No. 1 for Fevers.
No. 2 " Worms.
No. 3 " Teething.
No. 4 " Diarrhea.
No. 7 " Coughs.
No. 8 " Neuralgia.
No. 9 " Headaches.
No. 10 " Dyspepsia.
No. 11 " Suppressed Periods.
No. 12 " Whites.
No. 13 " Croup.
No. 14 " The Skin.
No. 15 " Rheumatism.
No. 16 " Malaria.
No. 19 " Catarrh.
No. 20 " Whooping Cough.
No. 27 " The Kidneys.
No. 30 " The Bladder.
No. 77 " La Grippe.
In small bottles of pellets that fit the ven pocket. At Druggists or mailed, 25c, each. Medical Guide mailed free.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 111 West 7th Street, New York.

Homeopathy Principles

Similea, Similibus, Curantur.
A like remedy will cure a like disease—as a remedy which has the same symptoms, or produces the same in the well, will cure those in the sick, and with nature's help will cure quicker than any other, and with less expense to the human economy. This system of medicine has at its command anything in the realm of cure, such as electricity in any form, the Vibrator, Massage, Hydrotherapies. Therefore the correctness of choosing this line of treatment, rather than whims with a single borrowed idea. For out of town patients and all those interested: rooms furnished when desired, for confinement, medical and the necessary surgical cases. Trained nurses in attendance.

Dr. J. S. Twinem,
Medical and Surgical Practitioner

GEO. D. DENT,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office over McDonald Bank,
Phones: Office 130
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Physician and Surgeon.
Specialty: SKIN DISEASES.
Day and night calls promptly answered
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Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon
Special attention given to confinement and children's diseases.
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A. J. AMES, MARIE AMES,
Doctors Ames & Ames,
Physicians and Surgeons,
Office over Stone Drug Co.
Phones: Office 273
Residence 273

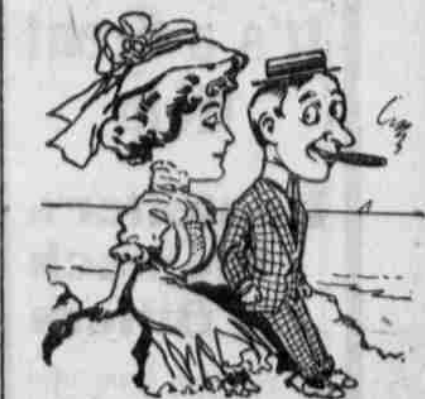
WILLIS J. REDFIELD, M. D.
Surgeon, Physician, Consultant.
Office Physicians and Surgeons Hospital
Phones: Office 642, Residence 644.

Spirella Corset.
The Ladies' Home Journal, Delineator, Vogue, etc., are advertising the Spirella Corset. These advertisements are of particular interest to corset wearers. As local corsetiere for the Spirella Company I am in position to give you the benefit of my training and experience. I guarantee your corset to fit you, to be the proper model for you. I do residence fitting, will call, demonstrate the corset and explain it to you at your convenience.
MRS. M. K. DUKE.
408 East Sixth St.
Phone Red 202.

F. J. BROEKER,

Merchant Tailor.
We have recently installed a French Dry Cleaner for Men's and Ladies' apparel of all classes, and we guarantee satisfactory work. We are also tailors and know how to repair clothes.
We carry samples of goods and make clothes of all kinds to order, insuring first-class workmanship and perfect fit.

THE MAN, THE GIRL, THE CIGAR



The Man, the Girl and the Cigar—a happy combination to a certainty, and one should be as good as the other. We can't furnish the young man with the girl, but we can furnish him the Cigar, and it will be a cigar as good as the girl is sweet, and one which smoked in her presence will not be offensive to her. If you don't believe us, try one.
J. F. SCHMALZRIED.